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# Life is Sometimes Hard



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# Chapter 1 by Zara Rose

Ever heard of the saying that life is hard? Yeah, that's how my whole life has been life like. My mother had abandoned me when I was only a few months old, leaving me with my father who was always drunk. When he had been drinking, he would come home and hit me while screaming at me how worthless I was. I had thought for the longest time that he was right. Right about me, right about the world, and right about everything. I sometimes wished for death. It wasn't until my father had died in a car crash that my thoughts changed. He had never been right. I pulled myself from the darkness that I had put myself into and turned my life around with what little money my father had left me. It had been more than I was expecting. I put myself through college to become a dancer. It was the only time that I felt free from all the darkness that was still in my life. It was the only time where I could just be myself and let go of all my worries.

I had to work for it though. I practiced long and hard on my dance routines, when I could find the time that I had. I had the right attitude though. If I had the right attitude,

I had to work for it though. I practiced long and hard on my dance routines, when I could find the time that is. I had to work three jobs just to keep myself in school. I rarely got any sleep. I was happy for that though. The nightmares started long ago and never really left me.

I just stayed out of everyone's way mostly at school, never talking to anyone, never joining the conversations, and never joining a group. I had always been that. Even in high school. I was the

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I'm still in college. Sure, majoring in dancing helped, but what really helped was him. Lukas Jones. We dated the summer before I left for college. He was tall, dark haired, tan skinned, lean, but strong. Oh my gosh, he was amazing, and he accepted me for me. We wanted to try long distance dating, but it didn't work out. It was my fault. I miss him. I haven't seen him in two years. "Winter?" I looked up from my new journal. I smiled. That's all the past now.

"Yes?" I asked.

"Ready for dinner?" Ezra asked me. I smiled and took his hand.

"More than ever." Yes, I have moved on and maybe you've figured out why Lukas and I didn't work out. Ezra was a big part of that. Maybe you don't know. All I know is that I love Ezra Thomas with all my heart and I don't want anyone else. I'm over Lukas, right?

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